Mother of Pearl

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11352315.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Season/Series 01, Crossdressing, Frottage, Oral Sex, Possessive Will, Crossdressing Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Paper Doll
Collections:	Sub!Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-30 Words: 5,889 Chapters: 1/1

Mother of Pearl

by Beatricenius

Summary

“Weird,” Will said. Then his lips twitched, as if he thought of something funny. “I had a girlfriend once who wore a lot of makeup. Her eyes always had black gunk in them when she’d washed it off. Kind of like that.”

Hannibal has a secret beyond his criminal proclivities. After a few minor indiscretions, Will finds out.

Notes

Because there isn't nearly enough crossdressing Hannibal. Enough said.

See the end of the work for more notes

Being a well-traveled man, Hannibal had seen many beautiful places around the world. But no matter how moved he was by the flourish of Jardin des Plantes, the timeless ingenuity of Galleria degli Uffizi or the jagged line of Austrian alps raised to staggering heights against a chalk white sky, no place ever carried the emotional impact of his mother's room in his childhood home.

Although his memories were undoubtedly distorted through the unreliable lens of nostalgia, Hannibal recalled with clarity that her room had been tucked away at the end of a long corridor. Streaks of warm light would escape from under the door the nights he could not sleep and wandered the halls of his family home. When he was allowed inside, it felt much like walking into a church, the air heavy with sacred silence.

Having few clear memories of his mother, Hannibal liked to imagine her as an extension of her room – beautiful, elegant, imposing. He could not bring details to the blank slate he imagined as her face, but he did remember the sense of tranquility in sitting next to her by her vanity in the mornings, watching her apply makeup with solemn concentration. He could not assign a distinctive shape to the warm body he sat pressed against, but he did remember the flow of her gown as she floated out of his room after kissing him goodnight, specter-like, as if stepped out of a gothic novel.

Effortless grace. A beauty that demanded attention and respect, no less effective than the timbre of his father's stern command.

Even before Hannibal had the cognitive ability to name his desires, he was keenly aware that his mother's beauty was not for him to possess. Her collection of brushes and cosmetics and silky gowns were beyond his reach, only meant for him to appreciate from afar. Still, he took a distant liking to the ritualistic elements of femininity. Scrubbing, shaving, plucking, moisturizing, painting on a face and washing it off, tending to nails and hair and skin, starting over again and again. Repetitive. Soothing. Seeking comfort in a skin that was not truly one's own.

His mother had perished along with the rest of his family long before he ever tried it for himself. Once he found his way back to this dormant yearning, he made it a private indulgence – enjoying the prospect of having a secret. Hannibal always liked keeping secrets. When he first gave in to his penchant for all things feminine in his youth, he looked like an expensive china doll in a shop window, all chiffon ruffles and pouty, red lips set against pale skin. Now that he was older, he appeared more androgynous, but it wasn't entirely displeasing. The flickers of his mother's face in the corner of his eye whenever he caught his reflection in a mirror told him he looked more like her now. Something in the rise of his cheekbones and the fullness of his mouth.

Hannibal had his father's eyes, but their depth was his mother's. Of that, he was certain.

The prospect of slipping into the guise of feminine beauty was comforting for reasons Hannibal could not quite pin down and dissect, although he had given it some thought over the years. But he saw no reason why he should pick it apart, as it was done solely for his own pleasure.

That is, until it wasn't.

*

The devil is in the details, as Hannibal himself once told Will.

It started with something so simple as Will tripping over the wrong word as he recounted a crime scene to Jack Crawford. The victim in question was a so called paper doll girl, the work of a suspected serial killer. She had been arranged in a casual pose in the middle of the floor of her old room at her parents' house, with the contents of her wardrobe carefully laid out around her. The tableau was reminiscent of a paper doll in a template, prompting the somewhat vapid nickname. Her painted lips were set in an unnatural smile and her porcelain eyes gaped wide open, the stiff contours of her body clad in nothing but plain white underwear and a –

"Camisole, Will," Hannibal automatically corrected him. "Her top reached just past her waist. A chemise is knee-length. It was a camisole, not a chemise."

Will just waved his hand dismissively, tearing through his summary in the distracted, pained way he usually did, quick and blunt as if he was ripping off a band aid. As soon as he wrapped up his conversation with Jack, however, Hannibal could have sworn he shot him an odd look.

He chose not to address it. Will often looked at him as if he spied something through the cracks in his façade, and there was nothing he could or would do to stop it.

(The thrill of keeping secrets was, after all, the risk of having them unveiled.)

*

Hannibal had no qualms about making outrageously expensive purchases. Quite the opposite, in fact. Not necessarily because he believed quality to correlate with the amount of zeros on a price tag, but because luxury, like femininity, was an intricate construction of societal preconceptions. Hannibal prided himself on his exquisite taste, but it was admittedly within the narrow framework of what was considered desirable in this particular time and place.

His combined predilection for femininity and luxury is what led to him purchasing a single article of cosmetics for a three-digit total. Which led to him inadvertently revealing more of himself to Will than he originally planned. Only this time, his mistake was far less subtle.

The day he made his purchase – an eyeshadow embellished with a lavish exterior labelled *mother of pearl* – he had been tasked with accompanying Will to a crime scene. He thought

he would have enough time to try it before he had to leave, but Will arrived early. When three firm knocks sounded on his front door, he still had a smudge of eyeliner in the corners of his eyes. He hastened to wash his face, but he must have been in too much of a rush, because once he had settled in the passenger seat of Will's car, he noticed that Will's gaze kept flitting to his face.

"You have something in your eye," Will finally said, voice curving toward the end of his sentence, as if he was asking a question. Hannibal pulled the sun visor down to look in the little mirror and noticed with a slight jolt of trepidation that the mucus gathered at the inside corner of his eye was tinted black.

Pulling his handkerchief out of his pocket, he wiped both his eyes with as much poise he could muster. His gut clenched with something reminiscent of anticipation, not wholly unpleasant, but impractical. He put the square of fabric back in his pocket and schooled his features, feeling unusually rattled.

"Weird," Will said. Then his lips twitched, as if he thought of something funny. "I had a girlfriend once who wore a lot of makeup. Her eyes always had black gunk in them when she'd washed it off. Kind of like that."

When Hannibal didn't immediately follow up his statement with a witty remark or an explanation, Will stilled as if he was struck by something. His brow furrowed almost imperceptibly, then quickly smoothed out again. Hannibal considered making a joke about Will's wandering gaze and how he should keep his eyes on the road, but ultimately decided against it. In the context of their conversation, it would have come off as flirtatious.

*

Hannibal did not slip up a third time. Instead, he found himself entertaining ideas of revealing his secret to Will. Will, with his uncanny fluency in the language of blood and violence, who read him so effortlessly in the orchestrated mayhem he left for him to find. Will with his kindness mangled through dry wit, Will with his reluctant affection shining through sullen glares.

Will would surely understand. But understanding and accepting was not the same thing. Hannibal did not particularly fear rejection, but he feared the humiliation accompanying it, unsure whether to trust Will not to harm his dignity with an unnecessarily harsh dismissal.

Hannibal did, however, always have a reckless streak.

He suspected that what he was planning to attempt was ill-advised at best, and setting himself up for failure at worst, but when taking a risk, the stakes were inevitably going to be high – else there would be little reward.

He repeated the notion to himself as he asked Will to have dinner with him in his home, under the pretense of discussing the paper doll girls. The idea of discussing work off the clock made Will pull a face, but Hannibal was pleased to find he wasn't hard to convince once he pointed out the benefits of a home-cooked meal and company to distract from the case.

He once again repeated the notion to himself as he deliberately left a hint of lipstick in the corner of his mouth before Will arrived for dinner.

It was so subtle anyone else might not even have noticed. If they did, they'd likely interpret it as a cold sore, provided they didn't carry Will's suspicions. Will didn't even seem to pay it much attention at first, but once they sat down to eat and exchanged some polite small talk, his gaze started pulling toward his mouth, lingering noticeably on his lips.

Hannibal found he enjoyed Will's eyes on him like this very much. He was certain that Will had never paid such close attention to him before, and as his unofficial psychiatrist, there was something pleasing about seeing his transition from observed to observer.

"You have something on your face," Will didn't smile, but his eyes were warm with amusement. "Again. I don't know the social protocol for this, and I don't want to be rude. But I feel like you're waiting for me to address it. Do you want to talk about this?"

"What exactly are you referring to?"

Will squinted at him. "You, using makeup. And deliberately leaving enough clues for me to figure it out," He tilted his head. "I don't want to be presumptuous. What is it you want from me?"

Hannibal paused. "Your attention."

"You have it," Will said. "Anything else?"

"What else are you willing to give?"

Will chuckled, shaking his head. "I don't even know what we're negotiating. Is it- is this a sexual thing?"

"Not necessarily," Reading Will's question in his eyes, Hannibal continued, "I did not initially intend for you to find out, but after thinking about it, I wasn't opposed to the idea of you knowing. I know many private things about you. It seemed appropriate to trade you information for information."

"If it isn't sexual, what is it?"

Hannibal fell silent for a moment. "You often speak of the quiet of your stream. This is a way for me to wade into mine."

Will nodded then, with a pensive look on his face, as if he considered Hannibal's words at length. The tight line of his mouth was serious, his drawn brow eloquent of cogs turning in his head. Hannibal wanted to reach inside his skull and pull out his unfinished thoughts,

examine them like undeveloped negatives under the surgical light of his dining room. Instead, he remained quiet and ate slowly to avoid the risk of empty silence.

“Dinner was delicious,” Will said once he finished eating, setting his cutlery down on the plate. “Thank you. Would you mind showing me?”

Hannibal blinked, doubting he had heard Will correctly for a split second. He had not expected that particular possibility so soon. “How I look in makeup?”

“Yes,” The expression on Will’s face was hard for Hannibal to read, but there was no trace of mockery in his even features. “Do you wear women’s clothing along with it?”

“Yes. Men’s clothing clash with what I try to achieve.”

“Would you put something else on for me too then?”

Hannibal could have sworn he felt his pulse veer off-beat at Will’s phrasing. *For me.* It carried an implicit meaning that surely must have been deliberate on Will's part. He nodded once, curt. Then he stood and made his way to his liquor cabinet, pouring a whisky for Will. He gestured for him to follow and led them to the study, where the atmosphere was warmer, less clinical and impersonal compared to his sterile kitchen and austere dining room.

“It might take me a little while,” Hannibal said, handing Will the glass. “You may make yourself comfortable here while you wait.”

Hannibal could feel Will’s gaze weighing on him as he turned to walk away. He took no more than two steps before Will nudged his shoulder, halting him.

“Wait,” He said, and Hannibal felt distinctively unsettled for reasons he didn’t care to examine. “Let me just- come here, this has been bothering me all night. Lick your lips.”

Hannibal turned, quite wary, and did as he was told. To his surprise, Will reached out and rubbed the sleeve of his shirt over the corner of his mouth, wiping off the smudge of lipstick that remained throughout dinner.

“There,” Will said, humor in his eyes. “A clean slate. Take your time.”

As Hannibal walked out of the room, he was uncomfortably aware of the heat rising in his face. He resisted the urge to touch the place where Will’s soft flannel rubbed, feeling the phantom weight of his eyes on him long after he stepped outside of his field of vision.

Dressing for someone else proved to be quite challenging, as Hannibal had rarely dressed with the explicit intention of trying to appeal to someone other than himself. He had a lover or two when he was much younger that found his feminine lingerie enticing, in a strictly carnal sense. He let them think that it was merely a sexual preference for him as well, because he had no interest in letting them know more. Nothing about Will’s approach to it felt the same, though, and he was caught in indecision.

Weighing his options, Hannibal settled in front of the vanity in his walk in closet and began assembling a deceitfully natural face, carefully crafted to appear simple and effortless. He

finished it off with painting his lips a bold red and thought of what his mother would wear for his father when they dressed up to go out. It seemed presumptuous to mimic her, improper somehow, although Will would hardly be aware. Still, he ultimately decided to go in the opposite direction of lavish couture and picked out a simple knee-length dress in a dark shade of blue with three quarter sleeves.

The flowy fabric, soft from overuse, made him feel more exposed than his more provocative clothes did. Curious, but not entirely unexpected. This was, after all, more genuine to him than the brand of artificial femininity lingerie provided, cutting close to the bone simply because it was not made to elicit a sexual response from a spectator.

He smoothed out the perfectly smooth skirt and appreciated the illusion of curves the clever stitch of it allowed, the cinched waist slimming him while giving him fuller hips, the cut of the sleeves rounding his shoulders. He looked younger. Softer. Even more so due to the smooth strips of skin visible where the dress ended. He hadn't exactly anticipated this outcome, but a sliver of hope compelled him to shave before Will arrived. He felt a twinge of amusement at the thought, bewildered, alarmed and delighted at Will's influence on him.

Amusement turned into a flutter of nerves as he stepped into a pair of kitten heels and brushed his hair back behind his ears before making his way back to the study. Nobody but Will had, as far as he could recall, been able to rouse the clip of butterfly wings in his belly before.

"Will?" He called, deliberately soft, from the doorway. Will turned, and though he tried to conceal it, his eyes widened momentarily. He looked neither pleased nor dissatisfied, wearing a look of honest surprise.

Hannibal quickly took note of the lack of whisky in his glass, glinting empty in the warm light surrounding them.

"Hannibal," Will said, almost weakly. Then, "Come closer. Let me look at you."

Hannibal took a step forward. Although he was not self-conscious nor insecure, he felt a stir of unease at being put under such close scrutiny. Especially as it was Will's attentive gaze he was pinned beneath. Will just looked at him for a long time, quiet and thoughtful.

"Your men's clothes were never this understated. Did you think about what I would like?"

Hannibal considered it. "I did not want to make you uncomfortable with unintentional sexual implications, so I chose something modest," He paused. Then he said, a little more truthfully, "I thought you might find this more appealing than something sexually provocative."

"Why do you care what I like if this isn't sexual?"

Hannibal smiled, caught out. "Perhaps I was a bit too optimistic about the reason why you asked to see me like this. Were you prompted by mere curiosity?"

A small part of Hannibal wanted to inquire if Will set him up with malicious intent, attempting to make a joke out of him. But he couldn't imagine that was the case and rid

himself of the thought.

“If you thought I was just curious, you went pretty far just to indulge me,” Will’s face softened. “I was, though. About you, and about myself. You look different in more ways than I would’ve imagined.”

“How?”

Will bared his teeth in a grin. “Well, for one, those heels make you practically tower over me, but you’ve never appeared smaller to me than you do just now. You seem comfortable, though. Natural. You must have been doing this for some time.”

“I have,” Hannibal silently enjoyed seeing himself through Will’s perceptive eyes. “You seem comfortable as well. I was unsure what to expect.”

“I have had time to think. You’re far from subtle, if one pays attention. Did you think I was oblivious, coming here tonight? I wasn’t.”

Will took a step forward, closing the distance between them. He looked at Hannibal as if he truly admired him, like something beautiful in an art gallery.

“You put your lipstick on right this time,” Will’s lips parted on a slanted smile and he reached up to cradle Hannibal’s jaw in his hand. “It suits you. May I kiss you?”

Anticipation required the possibility of expectations becoming reality. That still didn’t stop Hannibal from feeling genuinely surprised. He nodded, and Will gently grasped his face in both hands. He raked his eyes over Hannibal’s face, searching it for something Hannibal couldn’t guess. Then he leaned in to place a soft kiss on his mouth. Hannibal parted his lips in admission and felt Will’s hold on him tighten as their kiss deepened.

Dressing like this tended to change how Hannibal carried himself, from the way he moved to the way his voice curled around his words, and it seemed to subtly change the way Will was able to interact with him too. The way he crowded Hannibal against a wall was like nothing he would have expected from him, and neither was the way his knee wedged between Hannibal’s thighs to spread his legs as he licked into his mouth, tasting faintly of whisky and his own, unique flavor, something like rain on dry soil or tea left to brew too long.

“Is this truly what you want?” Will murmured against his lips. “You said this wasn’t sexual for you.”

“It can be. I would like for it to be, if you derive sexual gratification from it.”

“I’m afraid I’m taking advantage.”

“I think you just feel that way because you see me as more vulnerable now.”

Will seemed to consider that. “Maybe. Is that such a bad thing? I think you deserve to be seen as vulnerable.”

Hannibal grasped Will's wrists and slid his hands up under his dress, over the expanse of his thighs and all the way up to his hips. Will let out a strangled noise as his hands roamed over his smooth skin, over the soft fabric of his underwear – lace-trimmed and silky beneath the pads of his fingertips.

"Goddamnit, Hannibal," Will's said through gritted teeth, pupils blown wide.

"You are not taking advantage," Hannibal assured him. "You were not oblivious coming here. I was not oblivious dressing like this for you."

Will bunched up the skirt of his dress in his hands and used it for purchase to draw Hannibal closer, pressing their lips together in another kiss, rough and wet. Hannibal felt the outline of Will's erection press into his thigh and grasped his hips with his hands, drawing him closer and rolling his hips to let him feel his arousal in return. Will groaned into his mouth, brows knitting as if he were in pain.

"What do you want out of this tonight?" Hannibal asked between kisses. "Be honest."

"Your bedroom. I bet this fucking mansion has guest bedrooms, but I want to have you in your own bed."

Hannibal tested his weight on slightly wobbly legs, amazed at the way his hands were wracked by fine tremors. As he made his way to his bedroom with Will in tow, he caught a glimpse of himself in a full-figure mirror and realized that his mouth was smeared with lipstick, his dress a little askew and wrinkled. He quietly thrilled at the image and glanced back at Will. In the darkness of his bedroom, the smudges around his mouth resembled streaks of blood.

Will turned on the light, dim and warm in this part of Hannibal's home, and Hannibal easily stepped out of his shoes. He started to unbutton his dress, but Will grabbed his wrist and gently maneuvered him to lie back on top of his own pristine bedcovers. Will crawled between his legs, pulling up his skirt and letting it fan around his waist.

"Christ," Will muttered under his breath, running the flat of his hand over Hannibal's hip, his rough palm almost catching in the fine thread of his undergarments. He was wearing simple white panties with a subtle lace trim, but Will looked at them as if they were the epitome of luxury.

Hannibal supposed that luxury, as well as femininity, was also a matter of subjective opinion.

When Will's hand moved over the thick ridge of his cock, Hannibal closed his eyes and sighed softly. He didn't have to look down to know that he was already fully erect, leaking and straining against the dampened fabric. Will swiped his thumb over a wet patch on the front of the sheer silk and made an appreciate noise.

"You look beautiful," Will said, pulling his panties to the side to free his erection. He rubbed the slit with his thumb, smearing precome over the head. "So wet."

"For you."

“For me,” Will agreed. He unbuckled his belt and slid his jeans down along with his underwear, stopping mid-thigh. Hannibal wanted to reach forward and tug them down, have Will sprawled naked on top of him, but then he realized what picture they were painting. A quick tryst with his dress hitched up, toppled on the bed. He kept his hands to himself and let Will spread his legs wider, making a small sound as Will’s thumbs dug into the sensitive skin on the inside of his thighs.

“I should get you out of this dress. And everything else. But you look- you’re damn near irresistible like this,” Will huffed a disbelieving laugh. Then he unbuttoned a few buttons of the front of his dress, letting it part and slide past his shoulders.

Hannibal was secretly grateful to remain partially clothed. Although he found his own form pleasing enough, his skin was marred by decades of dangerous life decisions. Scars, old and new, were scribbled onto his skin in fading pink and white. They would inevitably arouse suspicion, especially in someone as insightful as Will, and he did not particularly feel like lying to him about it.

The time for Will to peel back the layers to Hannibal’s proclivities would come, but that time was not now.

Will placed an endearingly gentle kiss to Hannibal’s shoulder as he pressed closer to his body, his cock rubbing against Hannibal’s as he started to grind against him. “I want to come like this. Fuck, you’re so wet. Just need a little more. Do you have any lube?”

“No,” Hannibal lied, tugging at Will’s hips. “Come here, I’ll help.”

Will seemed a bit hesitant as he shuffled to place his knees on either side of Hannibal’s head. Hannibal curved his lips in a reassuring smile, angling a look up to him. Then he settled into a somewhat awkward position and nuzzled Will’s cock, pressing his nose into the thatch of hair above the base before dragging his tongue along the underside. Will hissed a curse and fisted his hands in his hair as Hannibal sucked the tip into his mouth, working his kiss-swollen lips slowly over the length of his cock until it hit the back of his throat. When Hannibal flattened his tongue and relaxed his throat to take him all the way from tip to base, Will choked on a moan and curled his fingers in his hair so hard Hannibal knew it was pure instinct.

“That’s enough,” Will said much too soon, voice breathless and throaty with arousal. He carefully pulled out of Hannibal’s mouth, sticky with a combination of spit and lipstick, and pressed a hand to his chest to ease him back down on the bed. Hannibal watched, transfixed, as Will shuffled back to his position between his legs, lining up his cock against his own. They both groaned when Will experimentally thrust his hips, closing their eyes against a rush of arousal.

“You were right,” Will said with a groan, running his thumb over his chin to remove the saliva gathered there. “You do appear vulnerable to me like this. Some play at innocence that doesn’t feel right. I felt bad seeing you suck my cock like that.”

Hannibal raised his eyebrows. “I am not playing. Inexperience is not to be confused with innocence. I’m not innocent.”

“But you are inexperienced?”

“I was not referring to sexual experience as such. These particular circumstances are novel to me. I haven’t let anybody have me like this.”

Will groaned, closing his eyes. “Like how? Tell me.”

“I have dressed up for men before, but that leaned more toward sexual roleplaying. This isn’t as easily dismissed as a game.”

“Other men fucked you?”

Hannibal’s mouth twitched. “Are you jealous?”

“Curious,” Will paused, then huffed a laugh against his neck. “A little jealous. Did they treat you well?”

“As well as I let them. I much prefer this, it is not like anything I have done before.”

Will made a helpless sound and captured his lips in another kiss as he started to grind against him with more intent, his cock rubbing slick and slow against Hannibal’s. He rocked them into a leisurely, pleasurable rhythm and Hannibal let his head fall back, pitching his moans a little higher and softer than he normally would. He could never quite resist trying to achieve congruency in everything he did, and with the way Will had him spread out and pinned with his dress pulled up and panties shoved to the side, he was tempted to play along with the overt roles they had fallen into.

“Will,” He said quietly, just because he enjoyed pressing his name against the ridge of his teeth. Seeing, feeling and hearing him like this was the most arousing thing Hannibal had ever experienced. Will moved purposefully, as if every thrust against his body was a deliberate assertion, renewing the claim his kisses staked on him.

When Will leaned down to nuzzle his chest, Hannibal instinctively arced into it, hands tangling in Will’s soft Henley as he sucked a nipple into his mouth. He caught the pebbled nub between his teeth, kissed, sucked and bit until the skin bloomed rosy and the pleasure curling around Hannibal’s insides became almost uncomfortable in its intensity.

“You feel so good,” Will said with a low-pitched groan that ended on a growl. “Wrap your legs around me.”

Hannibal wound his arms around his neck and wrapped his legs around his waist, practically clinging to him. Will murmured something that got lost in the low rumble of his voice and rutted into him like something wild, grunting softly in his ear. Hannibal could feel wiry muscle shift in Will’s shoulders, could smell his arousal wafting off of him. Heady, like blooming yeast or blood welling up from a fresh wound. Hannibal wanted to bring it to its inevitable crest and rolled his hips, scraping his teeth over Will’s neck, just the barest amount of pressure to drive him closer to the edge. Teasing. Like nudging a loose tooth with his tongue.

When Will made a frustrated noise and wrapped his panties around his hand, yanking them further to the side so forcefully that they ripped, Hannibal felt the tight coil of pleasure in his gut unspool. He came shuddering, almost completely silent, jaws clamped down on a moan and eyes pinched shut. Once coherent thought returned to him, he felt his body unclench, becoming slack and pliant, and he heaved a heavy sigh as tension poured out him.

Will's gruff voice wrapped around a string of monosyllables, gentle praise Hannibal could not quite make out over the thrumming of blood in his ears. Will kept thrusting against his spent body, and overstimulation soon made Hannibal squirm, little sounds of discontent escaping his lips. Will's arms wrapped firm around him and held his writhing body still as he drove his hips faster, panting warm in Hannibal's ear.

"I know, I'm almost there," He soothed quietly.

"You tore my underwear," Hannibal said, smirking into his shoulder. "You concern yourself with my virtue, but gladly spoil it yourself. You'd like to ruin me for everyone else, I think."

"Yes, fuck."

"I'd let you."

Will's thrusts became arrhythmic and he spilled hot and wet, grinding a moan between set jaws. Hannibal splayed his fingers through sweat-damp curls and savored the needy press against his body, Will's vice-like grip on him that tightened and loosened and tightened again with his release. When Will's weight settled heavy on top of him and his deep breaths warmed his neck, Hannibal felt as if he had been opened up and sewn shut, genuine affection pinching his chest tight.

For a moment, they did nothing but lie tangled in each other's limbs, breathing ragged as sweat cooled and dried on their skin. Finally, Will rolled off of him, grimacing as the cold air hit his warm, wet stomach.

"That was-" Will swallowed, eyes darting around on the ceiling as if he was searching for words. "Unexpected."

"Was it?"

Will pursed his lips. "Maybe not entirely. I didn't expect it to be like this, though."

"Good?" Hannibal inquired, unable to keep the note of hope out of his voice.

"Good," Will affirmed, then sighed. "Bad. You don't want to have this with me."

"I do."

"No, you don't," Defiance sharpened Will's tone as he spoke. He scrubbed his face with his hand, stopping to scratch his three-day stubble. Hannibal bundled closer, resting his head on Will's chest, above the anxious thrum of his heart. A strong arm wrapped around him to pull him closer.

“Listen, Hannibal,” Will said sternly, as though he had reason to believe he wouldn’t. “When I first saw you spread out on the bed like that, in those white fucking panties I just ruined, I could only think of those girls from the case. I imagined cutting you up and rinsing you out, setting your mouth and sewing it shut, replacing your eyes with polished marble and dressing you up. Dressing you down. Like a play thing, stripped of agency for my own entertainment.”

Hannibal looked at him with poorly contained fascination, charmed by the way he was wrung through Will’s imagination and reassembled in the odd poetry of his words. “What did you put me in?”

Will frowned, looking as if he might end the conversation. Then he sighed. “Soft, silky things. Lace and frills. Mesh. I have pretty poor taste in women’s fashion, I’m sure you’d find the inside of my head tacky.”

Hannibal shifted, tucking his head underneath Will’s chin. “I would wear anything for you.”

“You don’t mean that.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Then you shouldn’t say it. If that’s what you tell everyone you let into your bed, I’m more concerned than jealous.”

Hannibal found no little relish in the way Will fretted about his well-being. It did not particularly matter whether it was born out of petty jealousy or friendly concern. “I haven’t made such a promise to anyone else, just you. Tell me more about your fantasy. How did it make you feel?”

Will shot him a look of glaring discontent, much like he would when Hannibal ventured to ask the same question during their sessions. “I’ll trade you information for information. You said there had been other men. What did you let them do to you?”

Hannibal smirked. “Indecent things. You wouldn’t like to hear it.”

“Try me.”

“One of them liked to ball up my panties and gag me with them every time he penetrated me.”

Will winced. “Is that true?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Maybe you’re trying to rile me up.”

“It could still be true.”

“It’s working,” Will closed his eyes. “It wasn’t a fantasy, you know. I wouldn’t call such an awful thing a fantasy. Still I-“ He paused. “I felt a surge of arousal like a goddamn fist in my

gut. You were perfect, like a doll. Or a corpse," Will gave him a pained look. "I shouldn't tell you this. I wouldn't hurt you."

"No, I don't think you would. Were you looking at me through your eyes, or the perpetrator's?"

"The assessment was all me. But it was filtered through his perversions. I wouldn't want you to be docile and pristine," Will's lips curved in a half-smile as he ran his thumb along the seam of Hannibal's mouth, through the smear of lipstick. "I like it when you're a little ruffled."

"You may ruffle me whenever you like," Hannibal smiled, although he was quite serious. "It is too late for you to drive all the way back home. Stay the night."

Will made a humming sound, as if he was considering it. "I could be convinced. Still haven't seen what you wear to bed."

Hannibal's eyes lit up with mirth. He sat up and intertwined his fingers with Will's, tugging gently at his hand. "We must shower first. Else there will be nothing for you to ruffle."

Walking down the dark corridor leading to his bathroom, Hannibal caught a sliver of golden light seeping out from under his bedroom door. He reined in a smile, idly wondering if one ever truly strayed from paths once tread.

End Notes

If you're interested in more of my Hannigram stuff, there's more to find on my tumblr.
Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!